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facts which have been vouched for by so much disinterested testimony, and which are confirmed by analogy. There can be no greater heroism than to offer one's life for another, the willingness to die that others may live and enjoy liberty—but heroism does not modify physiology.

The play appears to be adequately performed by The Playhouse company, Miss George, appearing in the strongly emotional character of the wife, gives us a

rounded and fairly modulated characterisation. Mr. Holbrook Blinn, as the husband, is inclined to be melodramatic and to over-vocalise, especially in the scene with his mother when he discusses his feelings at so much length. If this part were played for intensity rather than for force, it would be more acceptable. Lionel Atwell, the lover, has an actor-proof role, and is, of course, quite effective in the dying scene.—H. McD. S.

THE GREENWICH VILLAGE THEATRE

The latest Little Theatre to open its doors in New York gave promise in its first bill of fulfilling the high purpose to which it was dedicated. The aims of the Greenwich Village Theatre are ably and tersely stated in a foreword by Mr. Frank Conroy, the Director, and which serves as a precise summing up of the Little Theatre plans and purposes generally. The foreword reads in part:

To establish here in this corner of Manhattan—so long the place of activity in the Arts—a home for the Art of the Theatre; to gather together a company of players and craftsmen who recognize the Theatre as an art-medium worthy of faithful service and fine endeavor; to offer a discriminating public the choicest of plays, ancient and modern, irrespective of the country in which they

originate or the school they represent; to give them a dignified, simple presentation—these are the aims of the Greenwich Village Theatre.

There was beauty in the opening performance, a beauty which left you somewhat breathless; also that quality of poignancy, without which there is no true beauty, and which left you somewhat sad. For once I forgot that I was a critic and became a worshipper. The plays were well chosen, admirably acted and exquisitely produced, and there was sufficient contrast in the themes and treatment to relieve any suspicion of tedium. With apologies to Mr. Austin Dobson, the appended rondel is inspired by the theatre.

Rondel

Beauty returns to her vacant dwelling,
 The Beauty men loved in the days of yore!
 We saw her pass by a playhouse door,
 With her great eyes sad and her bosom swelling;
 She will not lie in cold arms repelling,
 But fain would be cherished as once before;—
 Beauty returns to her vacant dwelling,
 The Beauty men loved in the days of yore!
 Where shall we seek for a wand compelling
 Her sweet, forgotten, forbidden lore?
 E'en as we ask we see her once more,
 Conjured before us by magical spelling—
 Beauty returns to her vacant dwelling,
 The Beauty men loved in the days of yore!

—Henry McDonald Spencer.